Puppy Love

by MadDogLucario96

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Summary: Kenny's feelings for Dawn were regarded as nothing but puppy love. How can he convince her otherwise? Rated K for one instance of language. Penguinshipping with a dash of Ikari.

Puppy Love

Kenny just could not understand it. What did she see in that jerk? All he did was act like she either did not exist or was a bother to him.

As he watched Dawn walk off with her arms around Paul's bicep, he couldn't help but feel this collection of rage and sadness. Did Dawn just see him as nothing more than her old friend from pre-school and not a potential boyfriend? If only there was a way he could show her his feelings.

He had loved her ever since they were little kids. He still loved her as they group up and became rival coordinators and he still loved her as she walked away from sight with that jerk.

But what could he do?

All his life, his feelings towards her were disregarded by everyone as cute, a passing thing and it was "just puppy love." But damn it, what did they know? How would they know when it was real?

He had to let her know just how much he meant to her. Just like what Brock told him that one time. Keep putting his heart out there for the one he loved.

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Dawn fixed her hair as she prepared to go to bed. Dressed in her favorite pink nightgown, she was as happy as could be.

Suddenly a small noise came from her window. She walked towards it to open the window. Dawn looked down to see Kenny standing there with a handful of pebbles.

"Kenny, what are you doing here?" She asked quietly, not wanting to disturb her mother.

"Can I come in?" He asked.

"Sure. I'll be right down."

"Don't bother," Kenny replied, showing her the rope on his arm. "I'm coming up."

He tossed the rope up to her. She caught it with ease and tied it to her bedpost. She gave him the signal to climb up and he starts climbing.

Dawn helped him inside as he reached the top. He wipes his shirt clean until he was sure there was nothing there.

"Now answer my question," said Dawn. "What are you doing here?"

"I have something I need to tell you," replied Kenny, sweat dripping down his forehead and not from the climb up. "And it could not wait any longer."

"What?"

Kenny's face flushed and his cheeks grew red.

"I uh...um...I..." He stuttered.

"Out with it!" Dawn cried impatiently.

"I like you, Dawn. Ok?" Kenny spewed. "I always have. I've loved you ever since we were in kindergarten together."

"Kenny, you know I'm with Paul now," Dawn shot down. "And anything between us then was nothing more than puppy love. I've moved on so it's time for you to do the same. I hear Zoey's looking for a boyfriend if you're interested."

"That's all I've ever heard, Dawn." Kenny started to get desperate. "Is that it's just puppy love and that it will eventually wear out but I'm here to tell you it's not."

Kenny then grabbed a tape out of his pocket and put it into her CD player. He hit 'Play' and the song started to play. He put her hands in his as he began to sing.

**'Puppy Love by Donny Osmond' **

And they called it puppy love

Oh I guess they'll never know

How a young heart really feels

And why I love her so.

And they called it puppy love

Just because we're in our teens

Tell them all

Oh please tell them it isn't fair

To take away my only dream

I cry each night

My tears are for you

My tears are all in vain

I hope and I pray

That maybe someday

You'll be back in my arms once again

Someone help me, help me please

Is the answer up above?

**How can I **

Oh how can I tell you

**This is not a puppy love? **

Someone help me, help me please

Is the answer up above?

**How can I **

Oh how can I tell you

**This is not a puppy love? **

Not a puppy love

This is not a...puppy love

**'End' **

"You see, Dawn?" Kenny concluded. "Hearing that it's just puppy love has driven me insane. My feelings for you are real and I want you to be mine."

Dawn's brow scrunched in thought.

Kenny could see she wasn't going to be convinced so he tried something else.

"No need to say anything. I understand. I'll step aside but I couldn't move on without telling you how I feel."

"Thank you, Kenny. You're such a good friend."

A/N: Poor Kenny. At least he still gets to be friends with her. Song belongs to MGM and Donny Osmond. Leave a review please. Later.

End
file.